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THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST

PICTURE—

By Warren Hastings Miller

PSOME PSIMPLE
PSYCHOLOGY—

By Arthur Hawthorne Carhart

MORE ANENT THE
REWARDS OF HUMOR
WRITING—

By James L. Dilley

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR THAT
ARTICLE—

By Joseph C. Coyle

MAKING AN AMERICAN
STORY DIGESTIBLY
ANGLOPHILE—

By Jack Woodford

*Literary Market Tips of the
Month — Prize Contests —
Trade Journal Department,
etc.*

February
1929

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ANNUAL FORECAST NUMBER

WHAT'S AHEAD FOR WRITERS in the literary markets of 1929?

THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST staff, aided by extensive reports and opinions from authoritative sources, will make the March issue the magazine's first Annual Forecast Number.

The purpose of the issue is to render an improved service, demanded by modern conditions, to the small army of writers, beginners and professionals, who have come to look to THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST for guidance in formulating programs. The market for literary material of many kinds has grown in recent years to enormous proportions. Demand, as with any large market, is characterized by a continuous process of change; trends emerge.

What is "coming in" and what is "going out," we shall set out to suggest on the basis of the best information to be obtained. The established AUTHOR & JOURNALIST directories, carefully revised,

will supplement this, making of the issue an invaluable manual for every writer, whether he works with fiction, articles, verse, newspaper features, or other literary form.

In pages and press run the Annual Forecast Number will be the largest THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST has ever published. So, too, will be the volume of advertising, for, getting ready for the issue, we have found publishers, and the various services for writers, appreciative to a gratifying degree of the value of the undertaking.

The list of syndicate markets, usually a feature of our February issue, is omitted from this, to be included with other directories in the Annual Forecast Number.

AN AUTHOR & JOURNALIST subscriber whose business experience makes him something of an income tax expert remarked, "A good many writers who pay income tax pay more than, validly, they are subject to."

It started a discussion at lunch with a writer of "Westerns" who produced 67 manuscripts, and sold 67, in 1928, with some prize money thrown in, and who was perturbed, making up his income tax report, at the grim necessity which seemed ahead.

The expert helped him out. He could charge as business expense automobile cost incurred in promoting his writing business, and hotel and other travel expenses when the enterprise was gathering material or contacting and selling editors. How about the magazines bought at the stands in such large numbers for study? How about his A. & J. subscription, and criticism service fees? How about the uncollectable accounts which every writer of ability acquires now and then?

The modern writer who works in a fairly large way has rather numerous costs. Some are obvious, like stationery and postage, and others less so; but all belong in the compilation prepared for the Treasury Department. The individual writer may find it worthwhile to consult a practicing income tax adviser for assistance.

IN SPITE of such letters as we published in our March issue, from Owen Davis of the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Corporation, and authoritative articles like that by G. W. Sayre in the June issue, a certain type of screen-play grafter still seems to flourish. His game is to play on the more gullible amateur author by announcing a scenario sales service under some high-sounding title. "Big Demand for Screen Stories" is the advertising bait brazenly employed—sometimes in supposedly reputable magazines. This, in spite of the incontrovertible fact that there is no demand whatever. Of course, in order to have his story "sold," the aspirant must pay the "Scenario Company" a stiff advance price for revising it, printing it in a "bulletin," or copyrighting it. The victims, blissfully ignorant of conditions in the field, naturally are unaware that there is no record of such concerns ever making sales for their clients.

THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST

February, 1929

Picture

BY WARREN HASTINGS MILLER

TWO things there be which make a story sing; grace, and picture. Grace is a function of words. You either get it or you do not get it, according to nothing whatever but the words you use. It makes all the difference between Smith's story and that of Kipling. To drive home the importance of words, diction, let Smith try to re-write Kipling's story. At once we have the enormous difference between the grace of the master and the lifelessness of the craftsman. Smith will take "William the Conqueror," for example. He knows the plot, the happenings, in that story by heart. He has no need for plot chart, balance, arrangement of climax, any of those mechanical but necessary elements of its framework. Kipling has provided them for him. Very well; he begins:

"Is it declared yet?"

"No; but they are taking men where they find them. Arbuthnot's warned. So is Merton, up Peshawar way. And Stillwell, only he's a Bengal chap; you wouldn't know him."

This is about as near as Smith can remember the opening of "William the Conqueror." You have only to open your copy of "The Day's Work" and read the original to note a vast difference already—due solely to the play and the magic of words. It will grow more and more hopeless as Smith attempts to continue. Even with Kipling's guidance it would be a bungle, and we would arrive at a climax without emotion, solidity, depth.

Also, here is more art to be investigated, for a story moves by its pictures and a lesser man would attempt one with his very first sentence: "'Is it declared yet?' Scott asked, tossing his topee aside in the hot telegraph office."

How familiar that sounds! It might be

the opening of any one of thousands in the print magazines. But not Kipling! You note that he concentrates you on the Famine in the Eight Districts, first. He is too much of an artist to distract your attention by attempting as yet any picture of Scott, who is asking the question. Yet, even in that brief dialogue, the picture is there. Subtle, significant words, planted in the dialogue, give it. You get an impression of two India Service men talking. There is Raines, the colonial newspaperman, stripped to the waist in the hot telegraph office and waiting up at the end of the wire because it is too hot to sleep in his bungalow.

"A bender of a night!" The whole scene and the attitude of the cheerfully suffering India Service men is struck off in that one brief exclamation.

What is it that gives a story solidity, depth, so that you know these people through and through, laugh and cry over them, find your emotions all in a turmoil when the story is done?

LET us investigate. In art we have seen, during our own lifetime, the brilliant but superficial impression give way to the solidity and depth of Cézanne. In literature we find that same superficial brilliance still in full sway. The pictures are there, struck off with a clean pen, but there is no depth to them. All is on the surface—images. They create an impression, but when we come to dig below them we find that we do not know these people at all. One dominant characteristic, a few strokes that justify the bare action, names. You couldn't imagine what that man would do in another set of circumstances because you don't really know him. But you know Scott, and William, and Sir Jim. Give Scott a canal problem and you know just how he would handle it.

Our critical friend, Mencken, characterizes Kipling's art as a "bag of tricks." Superficial, as usual. It goes far deeper than that, that bag of tricks! All art gets its effects on the soul by a bag of tricks, if you will call it that. Cézanne, for example. He revolted against the impressionism because it did not give the thing itself but a fleeting impression of the object, in one particular light and at one particular phase, not the inner soul of the object. He saw the Japanese summing up all clouds, in all lights, in all aspects, in one cloud that said the meaning of them all in one image. And he set out to discover, through enormous suffering and searching, how to get below the superficial into the solid, the inner meaning and essence of the object. And it turned out to be a "trick," the use of infinite planes, each in its exact place and value, the enormous influence they have in merging the soul of a thing seen into the universality of all life and matter. He died obscure and neglected. But he unlocked the gate through which art poured on, past the illusion of impressionism into the solidity and freedom of today.

We turn from Cézanne to Kipling and discover that same solidity in his picture. I am not defending his philosophy of life, which was false and warped and almost an obsession as to the superiority of Britons over all "lesser folk without the Law," a total unawareness of the genius of France, the profundity of Russia and Poland, the strength of Germany. But I am defending his picture—the use of planes, if you will, pictures that have solidity and depth; that are illuminated by sidelights on character; allusions that place the man, aside from his immediate environment; that give us all Anglo-India in a few people. They are worth careful study, those pictures—even if you consider Kipling an egregious ass in his philosophy!

A story moves by its pictures; also takes its life from them. Our race seems gifted above all others in the ability for finding words to express the inner soul of things. France expresses it best in painting; Germany and Italy in music. For us, words, their magic, their creative power.

WHEN we survey American letters we find the superficial picture dominant. There is brilliancy, brevity, action. People

are struck off in a few phrases and left there. The story goes on into action, smashes up in the inevitable climax. And we have met nobody at all worth knowing, or, at best, pitying. The thing cries out for a master, who will think deeply and reflect back what he sees. Who in America looks in on our people and sees them, in life and death, at birth and the grave, at their enormous and brave toil, at their sad eating and drinking? Who contemplates our vast comedy and ponders on where it is all leading?

There is a significance in us that is but dimly perceived. We do things enormously. We dam rivers and turn arid deserts into new Hollands with their waters. We mine coal with explosives, and iron with monsters of steel. We tap the rock thousands of feet for oil and pour its wealth through miles of pipe. We raise growing things on farms as large as a European state, reaping and sowing with steel fingers. We disseminate knowledge by the cubic ton, on rolls of paper that consume whole forests. We manufacture in plants that cover square miles, and transport on rails that cross continents. We shoot our buildings up brutally to the skies.

All this is not done elsewhere; is laughed at, frowned at. We are getting nowhere, at forty miles an hour in our automobiles, Europe tells us. We are maggots that swarm and breed and die, all alike, in a bounteous profusion of fast-consuming matter.

Are we? It needs an interpreter. A nation cannot grow as we are doing without something significant coming of it. As a whole we are too busy planting the desert, tapping the oil, moving things about, buying and selling material things, for anyone to stop and reflect over at all. But that same nation that is so swiftly putting its house in order is equally ardent in its aspirations for higher things of its own. It will have them! Already, in architecture, it has broken free from Europe and produced a new thing, an art that is borrowed from no one, in the unadorned and massive strength—which is beauty—that the genius of the skyscraper demands.

The rest is groping. Art follows the French from afar. Music borrows rhythms from the African and writes tunes to them. Literature leans on England, and badly. We have not their grace, their urbanity.

It seems curious that I, an incurably romantic writer of Eastern tales and yarns of the great sea, should be writing these things. But I am trying to make you see a picture, a great picture, one romantic and new, with a fragrance of its own, derived from no Europe but sprung from the American soil, here and now. We feel the shadow of the picture hovering in the background, as yet unborn, in the stories that crowd our print magazines. The reminiscent tales of the West that is past and gone; the raw stories of today, oil, mines, irrigation projects, cattle, shipping, railroading. Our people are groping for it; they demand those subjects, do the thousands upon thousands of readers in the street. They want to listen, to know. They listen to me tolerantly with my tales of far-off things on the other side of the world, but their eager interest is centered on our own people, how this great organism of ours is being made to grow, the hopes, the struggles, the conditions. Never had writers richer material!

And we come right back to Kipling and his India. You are telling the action of how America came to be, action pictures, vivid, thrilling, accurate, but still the reader in Europe does not know what manner of people we are. Picture on picture, but no solidity, no depth. We might be anyone; Scott is unmistakable, an Anglo-Indian.

And so, to give the world an American, we plunge into a task as great as confronted Cézanne. We illuminate that action picture. We draw from New England, from the South, from the Middle West, from the Coast, from his foreign forebears, those qualities of soul and character that make our man the American he is. We enrich with significant references. We justify this man and this girl, so that in them all America is reproduced in one pair. Our story moves by picture after picture, but the result is one unity, one solid thing, with strength in his loins and courage in his soul, that all the world can understand—who speaks for us all.

Difficult artistry! When to hold back your picture to let action have sway; when to brush it in; how much light and shade, so

we will really come to know him; what the universal spirit of our country is that makes him act as he does and not as a Frenchman; all these! To encumber a fast-moving story with any clumsy attempts at getting in all this, is not to be tolerated. The hint, the suggestive reference in the dialogue that illuminates without retarding the main march of events, these are the weapons. They permeate the entire web of the story. Through them you come to know all about this man, where he came from, his background, its place in America's past where the story is laid; the girl; the opposition; the significance of this bit of action in America's growth.

It is worth the struggle, you who write! It is the next step forward. The hope of American literature is in its print magazines. No one else looks intimately in on life's comedy here. Our sterile efforts in the smooth-papers, that reflect Europe in every line, will get us nowhere. These elegant Ogles! Europe reads them and derides—if Europe is aware of them at all. They have their place, no doubt, for readers who reject any story that has violence in it.

But America is violent, tumultuous, brutal, her antagonist savage and stubborn Nature. Cross the continent, not in a train but in a small car, and you will see America singing her saga. The highway! There are a million stories in it alone! A grand saga, this. The highway, with all America on the move.

PICTURE, picture, picture, everywhere; and over it all the great picture enclosing it all! You make this real, solid, and Europe will listen. Bored old Europe, that has been through it all so long ago she has forgotten. She will listen, with interest, but will judge. And, not upon the dazzling material achievement, but upon the vital question: Has America at last produced an artist? An interpreter, who can speak for her in the universal language of art that forever affirms the solidarity of all mankind, is what the world is waiting for. The material is here. Let America speak!



More Anent the Rewards of Humor Writing

BY JAMES L. DILLEY



JAMES L. DILLEY

A RECENT article in THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST stated the truth about remuneration in the humor field more than any other I have ever read. Editor Hawkins is to be congratulated for publishing material of this sort. Too much has appeared in print leading folks to

believe that all they have to do is sit down, write a few gags on separate pieces of paper, mail them out and receive a comfortable living therefrom.

I should like to add a few comments on the rewards of humor writing to the article mentioned in the first paragraph. My qualification for so doing is this: I just recently resigned a darn good connection with a national publishing house as editor of one of its banking journals to attempt my living at jokes, epigrams, and skits. Naturally, I am making this change with a pretty good knowledge of the humor markets, based on an experience of some five years as a contributor to the various magazines buying such material.

The whole proposition can be summed up as follows. An established writer of humor, who rates well towards the top of the list with at least two or three publications, and who is able to sell regularly to several others, can make a *fair* living writing short humor. In saying "short" humor we are leaving out general newspaper material, humorous stories, cartoon strips, movie sub-title writing

and so forth. These all come under different headings. The present article has to do with jokes, epigrams, and skits, with now and then a dash of light verse. In other words, material that appears in *Life*, *Judge*, *Film Fun*, *College Humor*, *Chicago Daily News Glee Club* and so forth.

By a "fair" living, I mean from fifty to one hundred dollars a week, depending on consistency of effort and ability to produce the goods. Perhaps, at those figures, I should have said "meagre existence," instead.

To begin with, the highest rate in the country for jokes is five dollars. This is paid, so far as I know, by only one publication—*Life*. The writer recently received six dollars from a national magazine inaugurating a humor page, but, this is very unusual and I understand that the page is not to be continued anyhow. So, the highest rate, we may safely say, is five dollars, dispensed by just one market. Now comes the really sad part. *Life* recently changed its style of publication and issued a magazine entirely different than it had been in the past. The new magazine uses only from twenty to thirty jokes in each issue, whereas in the old days it often published as many as ninety in one issue! I believe it is safe to say that hundreds, perhaps thousands, of people submit material to *Life* each week. Out of this vast army of contributors, there are *scores* who rank high in the game and whose material has much better chance of landing, not because of the author's name, but because of the quality of his or her work. The outlook in the five-dollar market is, therefore, pretty slim for the newcomer and even for the old-timer who turns out only fair material.

Please let it be understood at this point, however, that *Life* (the one five-dollar market) ranks at the top of humor publications

in treatment of contributors, and is especially amicable to those who have never before appeared in print. The whole point, however, is not one of treatment, but of mathematics. A magazine can publish only so many gags, and, in turn only so many people can sell that magazine material.

Rates among the other markets buying considerable material follow, according to the writer's experience:

Film Fun, 97 Fifth Avenue, New York. \$1.50 to \$3 per joke; from \$6 to \$12 each for skits; 50 cents a line for light verse. This market is the most satisfactory in the country at the present time. Uses a great many jokes, pays promptly each week and returns material within seven days. However, its needs are also the most specialized and it is almost impossible to sell the average type of joke here.

Glee Club—Chicago Daily News, 15 N. Wells Street, Chicago. \$1 per joke; \$4 per skit; varying rates for light verse. This department is edited by James A. Sanaker, a former free-lance humorist, who ranked high with the editors as a gag writer. He accords unusually fine treatment to contributors, paying once each week for accepted material, and returns manuscript promptly. Uses about forty jokes a week from outsiders.

College Humor, 1050 N. LaSalle Street, Chicago. \$1 per joke; nominal rates for skits and light verse. This market uses a great many jokes each month. Payment is prompt and manuscript handling very satisfactory. The only trouble here is a much lower rate for skits than would be expected. However, its promptness in handling material places it near the top of market lists.

New York Magazine Program, 108 Wooster Street, New York. \$1 per joke; slightly higher rates for skits. Edited by Miss Barbara Blake. Doesn't use so many jokes and skits, but payment is certain and treatment considerate.

Judge, 627 W. Forty-third Street, New York. \$2 and \$3 per joke; skits, light verse, etc., at very good rates. Here is a market that ranks very much alongside *Life* in rates, but which is placed down somewhat on most gag writers' market lists because of slow payment. Jack Shuttleworth, associate editor, is very pleasant to deal with, and, as in most cases, the slow payment is not the fault of the editors. However, the payment is slow. In fairness, it is also certain.

American Legion Monthly, Indianapolis, Ind. \$1 per joke. Buys only jokes. Treatment good. Payment prompt.

NOW we come to a miscellaneous group that pay varying rates (from 25 cents up to two dollars) but which are uncertain because of highly specialized needs, uncer-

tainty of demand, and so forth. This list includes the following:

Paris Nights; *College Life*; *Calgary Eye-Opener* (good treatment here and good rates but very specialized); *Whiz Bang*; *Town Topics*; *The New Yorker* (very, very specialized, and demanding an unusually high literary standard, it is difficult for the ordinary contriver of humor to sell. Doesn't buy jokes); *Good Hardware* (overstocked); *Sales Tales*, and others.

The foregoing publications are not included on my regular market list for a very practical reason. My material is general in theme, designed to sell to as many markets as possible without re-vamping and revision of the gag-idea. It has been my experience that a writer such as myself is simply wasting good postage stamps sending his material to markets out of his field. Joke-writing is specialized; each field has its "stars" and the consistent performer has to choose the field where he has the largest scope.

Such a field, I believe, is embodied in the publications I listed above with comments.

Seven markets are mentioned. Examine these again, figure out the possibilities and decide for yourself whether the writing of short humor can be made worthwhile from the remunerative angle.

Personally, I think not, except in a very few cases. If you have a steady demand for your material, and if you are a top-notch writer in at least one or two quarters, you can make a fair living from short humor, as I am doing at the present time. Even in my case, however, with established markets that have been cultivated for five years, there is a big catch to this "earning my living" business. It happens that I have an advertising clientele for which I prepare display advertising on a fee basis, and this, to let the cat out of the bag completely, exceeds my income from gag writing most of the time. Supplemented with trade-journal writing and advertising work, therefore, to be specific, I am making a "fair" living from short humor writing.

To sum the whole thing up, there aren't enough markets. Too many magazines and newspapers reprint jokes, without payment, and often without even bothering to give the originating source the proper credit. Perhaps some day the humor magazines that buy original jokes may prohibit this wholesale plagiarizing of material, and when this happy day dawns, the status of the short

humor writer will be pretty darn good. I, for one, am hoping.

In the meantime, the newcomer to the writing game, who has a natural bent towards humor, would do much better to spend those first months of battering down markets by aiming at the buyers of humorous stories, newspaper columns, feature material, and so forth. The ultimate rewards are many, many times greater, one can work up a continuing income which is impossible in the gag game, and a reputation is much easier to obtain. A joke writer with a repu-

tation outside of editorial offices is an unheard of animal.

You who have read this article may consider my advice merely a bit of professional jealousy—an attempt to divert possible competitors into other channels, as it were. Well, bless your heart, it's only intended to prove helpful, and, if you feel that your future lies in the gag business, take the list above and go to it!

Then, in return some day, reciprocate by writing an article for *THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST*, divulging if possible, a few markets for quips.

Big Returns on a Small Investment

BY HAZEL CRAWFORD

I had been trying for more than a year without success to sell my stories. I had almost decided to quit.

Among other efforts, I had written a half-dozen stories especially for Macfadden Publications. But they all came back more or less promptly. And they were all true stories, too, or partially so, and I said to myself:

"Well, what do they want, anyhow?"

Then in the market list of my September, 1927, *AUTHOR & JOURNALIST* I read:

"Macfadden Publications, 1926 Broadway, New York, write: 'In view of the wide human interest in aviation and aviators, we feel that we should like to have the pleasure of reading many true stories of aviation with a view to their publication. Aviation is a subject that reaches the heart of every reader in the world. It is dramatic. It is a symbol of the hopes of mankind. Perhaps you have had an experience in the air or know of someone who has—some experience full of action and thrills. It would be a fine idea if you would write out this experience as a true story and send it in to us. Such a story, of course, must be packed full of pulsing human interest.'"

I read that tip and sat still and gazed out the window. I was helpless. Here was an opportunity, an answer to the very question I had asked. But I couldn't do anything about it. I had been thrilled by Lindbergh's

feats, but I had never been near an airplane.

Then I began to wonder what that training in "investigative themes" that I had back in college was for. I could at least try the same method in story writing.

I went to the news stand and bought every magazine on aeronautics that I could find. I read them through slowly, and then again. I jotted down terms. I sketched a plane and labeled its parts.

My husband said, "What you gonna do now; build an airplane?"

And I answered, "Something like that."

I obtained Lindbergh's "We" from the library, and I took that Atlantic flight with him. Lindbergh tells his story with a simplicity and absence of technical terms that carries the layman's interest and understanding with him all the way to Paris.

I read every news item that even hinted at flying, and I "ate up" those that explained the causes of failures and successes of the airmen in handling their planes. But I didn't feel that that was enough yet.

There is a commercial flying field just south of our city. I went down there one day and took my first flight over the city and out over Lake Michigan.

Then I found two news items that struck me as the very dramatic climax that I had been wanting for two stories that I had in mind—actual happenings to real people.

IN the June, 1927, copy of *THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST* there was an article by Warren Hastings Miller on "Introductions" or, as he says himself, "How to get the damned yarn started off on paper." I do not know why "Introductions" and "The Body" were so widely separated, but the latter article didn't appear until January, 1928.

I followed the chart on "Introductions" in writing my first airplane true story. I completed and mailed it October first. On January nineteenth, I received a check for \$100! My first!

I followed both the outline in Mr. Miller's "Introductions" and in "The Body of Your Story" in planning "Both Sides of the Story," my second airplane story.

I tried another test also on both stories.

Big words have always had a fatal attraction for me. So I must continually be on the lookout for simplicity. My husband is what I consider an average reader. He likes words that say what they mean and keep their bulk to slender lines so that they do not block interest.

Therefore, with all due apologies to my husband, I found the "try it on the dog first" method a good one. Sometimes I found criticism hard to take. I wanted the opening paragraph of my story to be particularly effective. I read it to my husband to see if it excited his interest. His comment was: "Sounds all mixed up to me. How long did you have to look in the dictionary to get together that bunch of big words?"

I consoled my pride by the mental retort that he wasn't literary and couldn't appreciate subtle effects.

Neither are my hoped-for reading public, it occurred to me. I wasn't writing a story for the intelligentsia. So I went to work and changed that opening paragraph, and I searched the story for other words that might offend.

"That sounds pretty good," he said the next time I read it to him.

After all, when a person confesses his life's most intimate and thrilling story he doesn't do it in jaw-breaking polysyllables, but in simple everyday words. The writer of the confessional must remember that, or his story will not sound sincere or vivid.

My second story, a real story of a girl friend, with all identification tags removed, and the climax "up in the air," went to Macfadden January 25. I mailed it with a fervent hope that they had not already been swamped by acceptable airplane stories. Evidently they had not, for on April 30 I received a letter from them saying I had been awarded their January first prize of \$1000!

A friend of mine said on hearing of it:

"Wasn't it lucky you bought that September copy of the A. & J. with that Macfadden tip in it!"

"Luck, nothing!" I wanted to answer, "studying the professional literature is a part of success in any game." Why, I literally haunt our local newsstand so that I will not miss a copy. Luck! Huh!

Allowing the July and January copies to share responsibility with the September number of *THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST*, the returns on that sixty-cent investment were 183,333 1/3 per cent.



Making an American Short-Story Digestibly Anglophile

BY JACK WOODFORD

I HAVE been often asked by writers who know their American markets inside out and who also have competent English market information if, in my opinion, some story of theirs is "too typically American" to be offered in the English market after the American rights had been sold.

I have before me as I write five recent copies of English magazines: *The Sovereign*, *The Premier*, *The Yellow Magazine*, *20 Story*, and *Romance*. I have also read from cover to cover at least twenty other English fiction magazines. In every such magazine there were stories as typically

American as a Rotary Club speech; invariably a *few* changes are made by English editors—these changes being usually matters of terminology, such as “tram” for street car, “shop” for store, etc. However, on the whole I think it is quite safe to say that *any* story, published or not, in American markets, written by an American author to whom all things English are a deep, dark mystery, may safely be offered to the English editors—even stories vile

with American colloquialisms, for, tho it is true that the English “slant” is quite different from our own, this slant can be given an American story so easily by an English editor that it need cause no worry whatsoever.

Following are the few simple changes made in one of my stories originally published by the International Feature Service of New York, and later published by the *20 Story Magazine*, London:

AMERICAN VERSION

(Title) The Spread Bullet
store
“Halt!” ordered Howard.
he pumped his own gun.
took the body to the morgue.
officers from the Central Detail
“That lets me out, cul.”
drug store
street car
when we get a quick slant
“You’ll never be able to put it on him.”

down at the soft drink parlor where they served “third rail” in soda pop glasses.

He showed his friends the spread bullet which he carried in lieu of the usual rabbit’s foot.

He resolved to kid Officer Howard a bit.
fruit man

ENGLISH VERSION

The Lucky Bullet
shop
“Stop!” ordered Howard.
he fired his own revolver.
took the body to the mortuary
officers from the Central station.
“That lets me out, then.”
chemist’s
tram
when we get a quick glimpse
“You’ll never be able to charge him with it.”

(The entire phrase was cut out by the English editor for obvious and sad reasons; probably he chuckled grimly when he did it and was glad that he was an English editor.)

He showed his friends the spread bullet which he carried for luck.

He resolved to taunt Officer Howard a bit.
fruit vender



A NEW YEAR PRAYER

By BERT COOKSLEY

GOD of the Authors Very Small
Within whose crowded palm I crawl,
Hear Thou the plea of one forgot—
And grant Thy slave a knockout plot.

A plot that shall be hailed the one
New masterpiece beneath the sun;
A plot the greatest editor
Will read and, weeping, cry for more.

A plot the critics will discuss
As pure and holy Genius—
That calls for thrice the rate-per-word,
(Sent Western Union and Insured).

And should Thou feel this slave will slight it,
O God of Scribes, teach me to write it!

it is
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Psome Psimple Psychology

BY ARTHUR HAWTHORNE CARHART



ARTHUR H. CARHART

LEAVING my car parked, double, the prey of any cop that might come along, I dashed into a building, hurried to an unmarked door, rapped sharply. Steve Payne in shirt-sleeves and with half-smoked cigar answered by opening the door a few inches. Within was the paper-

strewn desk over which innumerable rustlers, punchers, and wranglers have galloped into fiction.

"C'm on, Steve," was my greeting. "I'm goin' out to Sedalia, Jarre Canon country, to see if I can get some pictures of the Forest Service Christmas-tree cutting. Get your hat and come along."

Steve hesitated, looked back to where duty called in the form of a half-finished manuscript, and then agreed. I hurried back to see if a cop had decorated my car with a yellow slip.

Twenty minutes later we were rolling along the concrete highway beyond Littleton, headed for Jarre Canon. Steve pointed to the ragged crested foothills with their shaggy festoons of ancient yellow pine. The afternoon shadows were blue in the sharp little rocky canons. On the upper slopes the sun rays glistened and flashed. Chilling, inviting, foreboding, beautiful, the mountains were at once friendly, intimate and yet austere.

"Now how in Sam Hill is one going to describe them?" said Steve.

That started the chewing match. We got

into deep water pronto. Here are some of the thoughts that were dragged out and aired regarding description.

Descriptive material in the usual run of short-story, particularly the "action" type, must be mighty condensed. Some editors seem to think that even the faint odor of description slows the yarn. All the more reason for making the background stand out clearly with a few quick, deft strokes; as a chalk-talker shows a whole story with a half-dozen lines on a white sheet of paper.

Now, what is the approach to the reader to secure that effect, quickly, clearly, so he can get the picture of the country through which the action dashes?

Suppose you had that big, intangible fellow called the reader right there in the country where the action is taking place? How would he be conscious of the surroundings then?

First, he'd see them. Eyes are the most important touch one has with the world in which he lives. All right; when you start to place a word-picture before the reader, among the most potent words to use are those denoting visual reactions.

COLOR, motion, form, and texture in landscape are seen and recorded as the visible attributes of the countryside. Let's take an example. Suppose it is part of an action yarn where there must be the fewest possible words to paint the background against which the action takes place. The hero is following a trail in a dry mountain valley.

"Bill Moberly glanced ahead as he spurred the tired pinto pony over the dusty trail. Gray sage, brown shaggy rocks, clumps of ragged dark green pinon pine, a dun-colored bit of a weather-fretted mesa shimmered in the heat-filled air that made the purple shadows lurking in the canons of

the Lonesome Mountains seem leagues away. Moberly reached up his brown hand and eased the wide gray hat that was sitting heavily on his tanned brow. The smell of sage baking in the sun, the biting fluffy alkali dust that spurted from under the horse's shod hoofs, the smell of sweaty leather filled his nostrils—"

WHOA! We're starting to smell things!

Well, that's all right. Your nose is one of the other avenues through which you find out about the world in which you live. The recollection of a certain place where you have been may have a smell dominating it.

The smell of hot, sticky asphalt between towering hot stone buildings; the bilgy, sickening odor of rotting fish on the shoreline of a stagnant lake; the acrid, stinging odor of a horse barn; the elusive, fairylike breath of apple blossoms. What do those bring to you? Something that you have experienced. And that is what they will bring to a lot of other readers, too. A scene flashes back. You build up the background from what *has happened to you*. Therefore, the reader can make his background out of his own experiences and the acquired experiences of others if you but give him the keywords. You've got to do that, briefly, with point, with power, if you will build up a whole scene in a sentence or two. And if you can do that in addition to writing an action plot, do it in such a way that it contributes directly to the plot, is a part of what is going on, then no editor will reject it. It's the monotonous word-picture painting that gums the game in the action story. Action cannot take the hurdle. Therefore, you've got to have the scene almost an integral part of the action.

You can do that only if you sketch, with quick sure strokes, the scenic setting that you wish to get to the reader. And to do that you have to give him the scene in terms of the thing that he would see, smell, feel, hear, touch, when he is right on the ground.

There you have some new ones. We've already considered the most important contact a person can have with his surroundings. Then smell—the good old nose. Make 'em smell it. Next hear. Hearing is probably second only to the eye. Make the reader hear the wind in the sage, the cattle bawling, the jingle of saddle hardware, the

creak of leather straps, the murmur of the clear stream as it slithers over the smooth stones in the creek bed. That's building it up. Make 'em feel the press of the rough earth against the belly of your hero as he sneaks up flat on the ground, worming his way as a snake to peep into the canon where the rendezvous of the rustlers is about to take place; maybe let the reader feel the needleprick of cactus spines from which he dare not flinch.

Give it to 'em. Let them see, hear, smell, taste, feel, touch, get the sense of heat and cold, get the sense of weight. They'll get a picture in a hurry if you do this. Make them see it through sensations. Don't try to make a catalogue of what is in the picture. That's dull. Any reporter can do it, or any chamber of commerce booklet. Make the reader get the same reactions that he would if he were right side by side with the hero.

Let your description of setting come as *sensations* and it will never be dull.

All that comes under the head of psychology. The more of that science a writer savvys the more capable he will be of giving those quick, short word-pictures that do more to create the essence of a setting in the minds of readers than whole catalogues of dry fact statement.

Another thing, through this line of approach—giving the reader the sensations of the principal character—the whole narrative will move along with the action in spite of what you do. The reader will be riding with Bill Moberly on the dusty trail, seeing the shimmering blue of the mountains, smelling the fragrance of the sage, hearing the jingle of the horse's bit, tasting the sharp, sweet bitterness of the plug of tobacco that Bill bites into, feeling the heat of the sun on his back, sensing the weight of the heavy hat on his head.

Give the reader the telling keywords. Most readers will build their own mental picture as they go along. The man devoid of a past experience which permits him to build his own will probably muff the ball when you fire it at him. But the vast bulk of readers can understand such expressions as clink of bit, gray-green of feathery sage, shimmering purple of mountains, and they'll get that whole picture, their version of it, from just a few simple jabs like this.

YOU don't have to be a psychological pshark, according to the conclusion Steve and I reached after plumbing the depths of this question, to get across quick, punchful descriptions to your readers. But

you've got to know that seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting, touching are the means by which humans form conceptions of things around them. Reach them through those channels.



Photographs for That Article

BY JOS. C. COYLE

IT is frequently said that a writer should never construct his articles about a picture, or pictures. Yet most of my articles are written in that way—and I sell enough of them to make a living.

Many of my articles which found a ready sale have originated with a picture in which, though interesting to me at the time, I could not really see a story until after I had carefully considered it from the angle of various markets.

A peculiarly constructed fence, with posts of cement and cobblestones and railings of old metal pipe, attracted my attention. The photo was taken and several months afterward brought a five-dollar check from *Alpha Aids*, a house organ of which I didn't know when taking the photo. A flivver, decorated with relics from every part of the continent, attracted my attention on the street. It was ready to leave town, so to make sure of a good photograph a negative was borrowed and prints were made from it. Articles written later around these prints sold to two magazines, bringing seven dollars.

A recent article in *The American Contractor* brought me \$30 for approximately 1200 words and five photographs. At this magazine's regular rate, of one cent per word, over half this check was in payment for the prints furnished with it. These pictures showed various phases of the construction of a large building, and some of them were taken about a year previously—when the actual theme of the article was nowhere in sight. I took them knowing that the subject would make its appearance at some time during the construction of

that building. The vital point in the story, as it was eventually written, was the saving of several thousand yards of good gravel from the excavation.

Several other photographs were left over from this article, and more will be taken, from time to time, until the building is completed. These will be used for illustrating various articles which are as yet not outlined. If one takes the pictures before writing the articles he is sure to have them. When this is put off until later, or the writer depends upon "picking up" a picture, he may be obliged to send the article without one.

Browsing through a city's collection of photographs, I found a number which were taken many years ago along the banks of its streams. Selecting several of these that looked interesting, I had copies of them made, at a cost of 25 cents each. Then I took photographs of the identical spots as they are today. One article occupied two pages in *The American City*, another found a welcome with *Concrete Highways Magazine*. Some photos of a sheet metal flume, constructed years ago by a man now in my city, were given me by him. A letter to the Chamber of Commerce in the town where the flume is located brought additional information, and a check of \$15 from *Highway Magazine* was the result.

A great deal of unnecessary expense for photo mailers, postage, etc., may be saved by the use of photos not over 4 by 5 inches. Very few magazines insist on larger pictures than this, which fits nicely into a number eight government envelope, or number ten, commercial size. No cardboard or other protection, aside from the folded manuscript, is needed.

About Some "Hard-Boiled" Editors

BY O. LAWRENCE HAWTHORNE

THIS is to be a little Midwinter bouquet for editors—especially those editors who recently have rejected a manuscript of mine.

So much has been printed about the hard hearts and the tight fists of magazine editors—and so much more that nobody ever would dare to print has been written—that I feel it my duty on this beautiful morning to "say it with flowers."

I want here to testify to the kindness and consideration of at least five of the biggest and busiest editors who now occupy seats of power and preferment. These men are regular fellows—altogether human and helpful.

But let's get right down to cases. Recently I completed an article that even friend wife admitted held a spark of interest "for the reader of average intelligence." I started this particular intellectual offspring on a tour of a selected list of editorial strongholds, dressed in the customary conventional manner, and bearing no letters of introduction, pink ribbons or other handicaps.

This was, in other words, a writer's normal, typical experience.

As sometimes happens (you may have observed), the manuscript was returned. My postage and time had been wasted! But, were they? After I had read the *personal letter from the editor*, I was not so sure. Would you consider such a rejection as this a "total loss"?

"We have read your interesting article, *Finding Contentment Down on the Farm*, and I am sorry to write you that it does not seem to be quite suitable. I would suggest sending it to *The Country Gentleman*, or some other publication of a similar nature. Thanking you for giving us the chance to read it, Sincerely yours, *The Elks Magazine*, by Scudder Middleton."

My manuscript, still quite presentable in appearance (thanks to the kindness of Mr. Middleton and his associates) went forth again to face another horrible monster in his den. In due time (just a reasonable interim), again it was tapping at my door. And this is what it brought me:

"I enjoyed reading your article, 'Finding Contentment Down on the Farm' but I cannot keep it for *The American Magazine*. It is well written, and on a timely theme, but it is more for an agricultural magazine than for one with our general circulation. Very sincerely yours, Merle Crowell, Editor."

Now, would that kind of a "rejection slip" from such a man make you mad?

Still well-dressed and fit for action, this child of my labors once more hopped a fast express for the East. In the course of time, again it returned, bearing a personal communication from an editor, who is also a man with a soul. You may examine the evidence:

"We thank you for having submitted to us your manuscript, *Finding Contentment Down on the Farm*. The fact that you have written it in the form of a short-story adds to its human interest. It is, however, a class of matter which we do not find in demand at the present time and we have more miscellaneous material than we can handle for months to come. It is a very attractively written composition and we trust that you will be able to place it elsewhere. Very truly yours, The Dearborn Publishing Co., The Editors, V. M."

Shall we call another witness? Very well, here is *The Country Gentleman himself*! But let me pause to explain that, before my article had visited any of the magazines listed above, I had sent it to *The Country Gentleman* editors. It had been returned, with a personal letter, as follows:

"We are sorry to have to return your manuscript, *Finding Contentment Down on the Farm*, but we have already arranged for all the material on this subject that we shall be able to find room for. We thank you for letting us see your manuscript. Sincerely yours, The Editors."

As you have noted, Crowell and Middleton—and others—had been helpful enough to direct me to the C. G. as my most logical prospect. So I sent the manuscript the second time to Philadelphia! With the following encouragement, another *personal letter*. Read it, and rejoice with me:

"*Finding Contentment Down on the Farm* is a nice story. We have read it with a great deal of interest, and regret to have to say that it doesn't fit in with our plans for the new monthly *Country Gentleman*. In the monthly we are planning something in agricultural journalism different from anything that has been done before. We are sorry to have to return such a very excellent article as you have submitted, but under the circumstances we have no choice. Sincerely yours, Philip S. Rose."

"*Finding Contentment Down on the Farm*" is

still "on the road" seeking contentment in an editorial office, and I have no doubt whatever that it will eventually find a buyer. There are other interesting letters in my file, but I have quoted enough to present my case.

I have high hopes for this article. But, if it comes at last, bleeding and footsore and worn, to its father's bosom, and must be gently laid away in the grave of "things that failed to ring the bell," I shall rejoice in the measure of its success and the benefits it has brought me.

For it already has done this one thing: It has proved to me that editors are not with one accord "hard-boiled"; editors are not inconsiderate and mean and prejudiced against all but the so-called big writers.

It has taught me something about writing letters to editors, too. You may be sure that, when an editor begins a personal correspondence with me, *he has started something!* He has taken me

out of the class of unknown callers and made me a distinguished guest. And don't you forget it, he treats me like one from that day onward!

After he has opened the private entrance, I never submit a thing to his publication without addressing a personal letter to *him*. And he answers it himself, always with profit to me—for very often his criticism or his market suggestion is worth a great deal more to me than the check, whether it comes or not.

He has, of his own free will, become my friend—and there can be nothing but mutual confidence and helpfulness between friends.

An editor who takes the trouble to write me a personal letter has sold me on the idea that *he will read my stuff*, and give it every chance in the world to make good with his publication. It's worth a lot to any writer to have become so thoroughly convinced of that fact!



COMRADE AT ARMS

BY MARTHA BANNING THOMAS

A PEN has too polite a way
For writing verses every day:
It will not hurl the phrases down
And pummel them, and try to drown
Their dull conceit. A pen's polite,—
I seldom use one when I write.

A typewriter is all too flip
And ready with a shallow quip,
Too neat and business-like, too terse
For handling young and impish verse.
A typewriter I seldom touch,—
I do not like one very much.

But oh, a pencil for a rhyme,
A pencil far beyond his prime,
A stubby end, well-worn and chewed,
And battle-scarred, and so imbued
With hardy discipline of thought,
He serves me soundly as he ought.

A pen is gushing, insincere:
A typewriter's commercial cheer
Enrages me. I want to write
With some old warrior who can *fight!*

Checks and Rejections

IN THIS DEPARTMENT, LETTERS BEARING ON SUBJECTS OF IMPORTANCE OR INTEREST, FROM THE STANDPOINT OF WRITERS AND EDITORS, WILL BE PUBLISHED. ANONYMOUS COMMUNICATIONS NOT CONSIDERED.

MORE ABOUT B. M. FOR B. A.

Publication of R. Jere Black's article in the December issue, "British Magazines for British Authors," has roused more authors to controversy than anything that we can recall. It is impossible to give space to more than a small part of the expressions. We'll begin with Mr. Black's own reply to the answer by Raymond S. Spears in the January issue.

January 3, 1929.

Dear Mr. Hawkins:

I request the hospitality of your pages in order that I may reply to a letter in the January number wherein Mr. Raymond S. Spears criticizes a recent article of mine—"British Magazines for British Authors."

Mr. Spears—like many of our countrymen—seems decidedly in awe of our cousins across the seas. His letter implies that it is lese majeste to question the influence exerted by British authors upon our own feeble followers of the Gleam.

"The literary standards set by English writers are so high," he says, "that they are one of the most potent influences we have to keep us lifting to better technical workmanship."

I believe, and I dare to maintain, that the standards set by American authors are also "high." I dare to assert—and stoutly—that we have authors in America today who need not depend upon the derivative guidance of British models and British standards of composition in our "lifting to better technical workmanship."

Mr. Spears, however, says, "The English literary markets' approval of American writers is one of the signs of our development. Our whole literature came into being when England accepted Washington Irving and Cooper, France accepted Edgar Allen Poe, and Alfred T. Mahan's naval studies are today world standards because England accepted an American's authority."

This is a refreshing and novel addendum to the history of our literary beginnings and should be included straightway in a textbook on American literature.

I had, heretofore, labored under the delusion that Washington Irving's "Salmagundi Papers" and his first published book—that delightfully satirical "Knickerbocker History of New York"—had created a tremendous furore both in New York and the United States at large, and that it was *after* this success that England deigned to notice the author.

I am aware that Charles Baudelaire translated

the already-published-in-America works of Edgar Allan Poe, but only *after* the Croak of the Raven had echoed all through our land. (See "Woodberry's Life of Poe.")

Cooper, too, was accepted by the cautious Europeans only *after* he had gained renown at home. (See "Lounsbury's Life of Cooper.")

As to Alfred T. Mahan, I confess ignorance.

However, I am greatly puzzled as to how our "whole literature came into being" after England had accepted a part of it!

The truth of the present situation is this. Our American publishers and editors—realizing the average American reader's veneration and awe for aught British—are willing to take a chance on printing the work of *unknown* British writers.

British publishers and editors, on the other hand, will—in the vast majority of cases—condescend to publish the work of American writers only *after* these writers have already established a reputation in America.

Of course, there are exceptions. But I'll wager Mr. Spears a five-year subscription to the A. & J. that I can adduce ten names of once-unknown British writers who have been given their first hearing in the United States—"discovered," in other words—for every single instance he can show of an *unknown* American being given his *first* hearing in Great Britain.

Furthermore, for every single Yankee scribe that he can prove has made a fortune in England, I will undertake to name twenty English authors who have made their fortunes in America.

In view of this rapidly waxing inundation of our magazine and book firms by the tidal wave of foreign authors—quick to take advantage of our open-door and open-page policy—I confidently predict that, unless some restrictive measures soon are adopted, we will be *forced* to erect rigid, protective barriers in the fiction world, even as our country was forced to raise them in the commercial world.

Accordingly, in the article "British Magazines for British Authors," I urged that we adopt the openly-admitted British policy of protecting home talent.

No, Mr. Spears, I am not advocating a policy of retaliation nor sponsoring an unsportsmanlike proposition. Speaking of sportsmanship—since you have raised that issue—what about a people who demand the right to compete with us in all our markets but openly refuse us the same privilege in many of theirs?

There is not one magazine in the United States

today that is closed to British writers. But there are numbers of British and Canadian magazines—like the weekly *Brittania*—which are avowedly open to British only. How is that for sportsmanship?

However, this is a side issue raised by yourself. In these days, writing is a sport only for the financially independent. To the remainder of us—the vast majority, indeed—it is a business, to be conducted by as practical methods as any other business.

With this in view, then, what I am advocating is a businesslike basis of protection for our own home talent and genius.

Great Britain protects her commercial and agricultural industries from foreign competition. So do we.

Great Britain also protects her writers from foreign competition. *We do not!*

If our crops are worthy of protection, so also are our brains!

I offer this not as a slap at English writers, as Mr. Spears implies—not through a fear that their work is superior to ours and that we “couldn’t meet their competition,” for I know that we do meet it.

I offer it not as a “base” proposition, but as a basic proposition of protection for the rapidly increasing army of ambitious young writers, of whom America is justly proud.

One final word, Mr. Spears. You say in your letter: “The fact that the *Atlantic Monthly* passed up all of us Yankees in favor of a brilliant young Canadian and backed its judgment by \$10,000 cash will do more good in Canada than any other literary event in years. Here the rockest-ribbed New England magazine, with its tremendous record of Americanism, upholding the United States for all time against British influence, against British errors of aggression, turns around and awards a Canadian girl a great and valuable distinction. Just imagine the influence of that fact on Canadian and English feeling toward American editors, magazines and writers! Nothing could be more splendid.”

All right. Just imagine it! Just imagine the influence that fact evidently had on *Brittania*—the newest and best-paying British magazine—which coolly announces that it offers no market to American writers. Everything that goes into it, from backing to brains, will be British.

Just imagine the influence it must have had upon *Canadian Stories*, of Deseronto, Ontario, which now stipulates—like others of its brethren—that it will accept stories from *resident Canadians only!*

I heartily agree with you, Mr. Spears. “Nothing could be more splendid”—for the British writers!

Sincerely,

R. JERE BLACK, JR.

Chautauqua, N. Y.

“TIME TO STOP AND TAKE STOCK”

To the Editor:

Mr. Black’s interesting article in the December issue was exceptionally timely. The writer of these remarks also noticed the announcement made by England’s new weekly, *Brittania*, and feels that it only can be described as “astonishing.” In view of the extremely lenient attitude which American publications have always exhibited toward Britons (their writers, publications, actors and lecturers), it is really nothing short of bewildering. In return for this leniency and hospitality we not only do not get reciprocity but we get positive hostility.

This sentiment of “*Brittania* for the Britons” has been growing steadily for some time, but it is only of late years that we find boycotting rearing its ugly head. Boycotting of commercial goods may be an economic necessity—we will not dispute that here—but when the fair exchange of international thought, of the literature of nations, is banned, then it is time to stop and take stock. There is literary stagnation ahead of any country which adopts this attitude and maintains it, but that is beside the point. What we are concerned with now is the unfairness of it. Retaliation is not a pretty thing, but in some instances it is the sole weapon of defense. It would not be necessary to employ that weapon long. “*Brittania* is for Britons”—all right, then let Britons *lecture* to *Brittania*, *act* for her, *writē* for her—and *not* to and for Americans!

We have here in America a great weekly which is essentially American in tone and fibre; the man who heads the great organization which releases it is essentially an American in thought, aim and principle; the weekly carries the name of our country in its title—just as the new weekly in England carries *its* country’s name—and yet, *Brittania* specifies “American in setting and atmosphere, when necessary, but preferably *written by Britons*,” while in our weekly, perhaps one out of every ten stories will be found to be the work of an American writer, the setting and atmosphere are invariably British—and the very high monetary returns go across the seas! Our American writers are not represented by more than one out of every ten stories, if that, appearing week after week in our own great national weekly.

And yet, there so far has been no protest from those thus discriminated against. Indeed, there would be none even now, had not the new English weekly published that astonishing boycott against us. Undoubtedly, the English writers, publishers and people at large will be much pained at the protest, now that it at last has come. There will be more barbed remarks directed at us, that we presume to defend our own interests.

By all means, “*Brittania* is for Britons”—and so, apparently, is *America*, too!

MISS KAY MEREDITH,

Author of “The Great White Way,” “The Darkest Hour,” “The Garden Party,” etc.

Trade, Technical and Class Journal Department

JOHN T. BARTLETT, EDITOR

WE VISIT STERLING, COLO.

"I AM just off the train from New York City, out here to get a story for *Toilet Requisites*, on how you sell face powder and rouge to the cowgirls and the Indians."

The speaker was as solemn as an owl—Wilfrid E. Redmond, a Bartlett Service writer. The Sterling, Colo., druggist whom he thus addressed, caught the ball. He grinned broadly. The interview was under way. Redmond entitled the article, "Selling Cold Cream in the Cow Country."

Three of us of Bartlett Service, Thompson R. Thompson, Wilfrid E. Redmond, and the department editor, on a Wednesday, motored to Sterling, in northeastern Colorado, with brief stops at Longmont and Greeley. We had two hours of interviewing time before supper, when we discussed the local situation. The "hot stuff" to be got in Sterling would arise from the town's location.

Out in the great open spaces, Sterling, 8000 population, draws trade from as far as 150 miles. The fence posts here are a mile apart.

We put in all of Thursday and Friday at Sterling. Friday evening, after supper, Thompson went out and secured an additional 4000 words; a druggist with a phenomenal business in vaccines for livestock; other drug store material. The three of us, in two days and two hours, gathered articles for a total of 79,000 words.

The phrase "wide open spaces," wasn't in every article, but it was in a majority, the point from which we started in dry cleaning, laundry, electrical goods, lumber, furniture, plumbing, jewelry, Ford cars, shoe repair, shoes, and still other fields.

Did the stuff sell? Sure, like hot cakes.

Small places have an abundance of business stories—if you can find the slant. Our Sterling articles dealt with business methods and policies in a type environment. We hold no patent or copyright on the formula!

DRUG STORE STUFF

YOU are looking for high rates. First, see what you can do for *American Druggist*, 119 W. Fortieth Street, New York City. Herbert Mayes is editor. This is a Hearst publication. In typography and art, it matches practically any magazine on the newsstands. "Ghost stories"—written by the interviewer, but published with the signature of the druggist or drug trade authority made the subject—are favored. Herbert Mayes has a budget which allows rates of 2 cents, 3 cents, 4 cents and even more. Shorts, also, are liked, to 400 words

or so. You will find it difficult to repeat often with *American Druggist*, but as material is used from all parts of the country there is a good opportunity to land with this. And don't hesitate to query Mr. Mayes if you think you have a good idea. He is the co-operating type of editor.

Chain Store Age now has a special drug-store edition. The editor is Godfrey Lebhar; address, 90 Worth Street, New York. This office, of course, wants only chain-drug stories—ghost style. The length can be as high as 2500 or 3000 words, if material is exceptionally good. The men featured in ghost stories must be officials of chains or heads of departments. Rate, 1½ cents. This market is not easy to "make," but it is a buyer of material in quantities from men who can qualify.

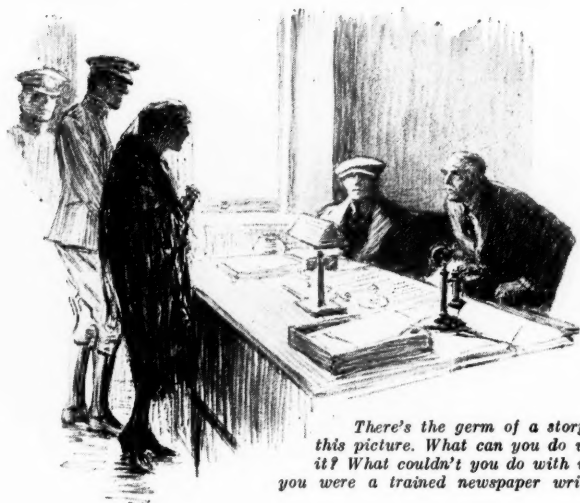
Chain Store Review, Greybar Building, New York, is edited by Harry E. Martin, remembered by many free-lance writers as editor of the former *Store Operation*. This magazine buys chain drug material, paying, the department editor understands, 2 cents a word, sometimes more.

Drug Topics, 291 Broadway, New York, Dan Rennick, editor, buys considerable feature material at 1 cent a word; so, too, does *Retail Druggist*, 250 W. Lafayette Boulevard, Detroit, at same general rate. *Drug Topics* schedules issues devoted principally to a single department, such as soda fountain, stationery and school supplies, toilet goods.

Pacific Drug Review, 35 N. Ninth Street, Portland, Ore., of which Albert Hawkins is editor, buys considerable special material from the Inter-mountain and Pacific Coast States. The rate is low—around \$4 a thousand. *The Druggist*, Front Street, Memphis, Tenn., Harold Gilbert, editor, buys some Southern name-and-fact material and general material from writers in other parts of the country; low rates. *Druggist's Circular*, 12 Gold Street, New York, G. K. Hanchet, editor, and *The Practical Druggist*, 93 Nassau Street, New York, buy a certain amount of material at low rates.

Among the considerable number of regional drug papers, undoubtedly an occasional market can be found, in particular for the writer residing in a magazine's local territory. However, the total volume of material purchased by these regional papers is small. There are occasional opportunities for local writers to secure staff positions with them.

What some druggist did, in an original way, to make more money, is 'he theme of most successful drug-store articles. Photos are wanted.



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An Interviewing Tip—Most druggists work in their own stores, and are on duty evenings, when trade inclines to be slow. The drug trade is one of the few in which evening interviewing is both practical and efficient, because the druggist, the rush of the day over, is in a relaxed mood and inclined to talk with a congenial interviewer.

Marketing Tip—Out of drug stores, articles, too, will sell to soda fountain, toilet goods, and candy markets.

□ □ □

Literary Market Tips

In the Trade, Technical, and Class Journal Field

Building Age, 243 W. Thirty-ninth Street, New York, Ernest Eberhard, editor, is edited to appeal to the average contractor in towns of about 25,000. "This is the type of man," writes Mr. Eberhard, "who generally does houses costing less than \$15,000 and business buildings costing less than \$100,000. We are interested only in new construction of such buildings, in which case photographs should be accompanied by plans and some details of the construction methods used; or, short-cuts in materials and equipment as used by progressive contractors. We are in the market at present for before-and-after photographs of houses, business buildings, store fronts, etc., showing what they looked like before modernization and what they looked like after. It is desirable that these photographs be accompanied by figures of cost and details concerning construction that are possible to be obtained."

Starchroom Laundry Journal, 415 Commercial Square, Cincinnati, Albert Stritmatter, editor, is in the market for articles about new or successful laundries, how they advertise, how they build up their business, etc.; also experiences of laundries that have tried out dry cleaning plants, giving details as to how the two work out together. Payment is made on publication at rates depending on the nature of the article.

The Northwestern Miller (weekly) and *Northwestern Miller and American Baker* (monthly), 118 S. Sixteenth Street, Minneapolis, Robert E. Sterling, editor, desire technical articles on new developments in flour milling and baking; descriptive articles on new milling plants and on successful feed manufacturing enterprises; inspirational and experience articles on merchandising methods in the milling and baking fields, and articles on outstanding successes among retail bakers. All articles should be fully illustrated by photographs or drawings when possible. Photographs not designed for illustrating articles should be fully captioned. Length of articles virtually unlimited, but preferable length is about 3000 words. Payment is made upon acceptance at approximately 1c per word.

Oil Engine Power, 101 W. Thirty-first Street, New York, is interested in engineering and commercial articles, 1500 to 2000 words in length, dealing with Diesel Oil Engines, their accessories and applications other than marine. Payment is made on publication.

Fred Shepperd, managing editor of *Electricity on the Farm*, 225 W. Thirty-fourth Street, New York, writes that 1½ cent per word is paid for good, actual experience articles on the use of electricity on the farm. Articles should not exceed 1000 words.

International Blue Printer, 431 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago, James A. Greig, editor, desires illustrated articles of 1500 to 2000 words, on shop layouts, unusual methods, etc. Payment is made at 1 cent per word, \$1 per illustration, on the 10th of the month following publication.

Specialty Salesman Magazine, South Whitley, Ind., has been sold by Robert E. Hicks to the National Trade Journals, Inc. *Salesology* has been merged with it. George F. Peabody is now managing editor. He writes, "We are in the market for direct-selling, inspirational articles, 2000 to 4000 words in length, and human interest, inspirational short-stories, serials, and editorials. News items when applicable to our field are desired. Payment is made on acceptance at ½ cent a word up." All manuscripts should be sent to South Whitley, Ind.

Giftwares, 1181 Broadway, New York, Lucille O'Naughlin, editor, wants articles describing sales methods and operating policies of gift departments in department stores; also articles describing how such stores as florists, men's furnishing stores, interior decorators, furniture stores, jewelers, etc., sell gifts or have gift departments. Photos must accompany all articles. Desired length, 500 to 1200 words. 1 cent a word is paid on publication and \$3 for photographs unless made to their order.

Power, Tenth Avenue at Thirty-sixth Street, New York, F. R. Low, editor, is in the market for technical, or power generation articles, 3000 words or less (preferably less). Payment is made on acceptance at a rate not fixed.

Merchandising Ice, 5707 W. Lake Street, Chicago, a monthly publication of which J. F. Nickerson is editor, would like articles relating to sales plans, advertising, displays, and special features for trade development covering ice, refrigerators or other ice-using equipment. Payment is made on acceptance at ½ to 1 cent a word.

The Welding Engineer, 608 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago, H. S. Card, editor, writes that the magazine is starting a new department in the February or March issue which will include short kinks pertaining to welding operations. These should be accompanied by photographs, showing the equipment described in use, when possible. A considerable amount of such material will be used in future.

Absolutely Unsalable

when I received them—yet, after my editing, these stories were sold to well-known publishers:

"The Demon Demonstrator".....Munsey's
 "Greater Love".....I Confess
 "Delta Justice".....Young's Magazine
 "Fortitude".....Breezy Stories
 "What's Wrong With Aviation?".....Collier's
 "Derelicts" (Novel).....Dorrance & Co.
 "Quits".....Ace-High
 "A Matter of Honor".....National Sportsman
 "Honor of the Force".....Danger Trail
 "A Jekyll-Hyde Experience".....True Story

Dozens of other stories, classed as "hopeless" by critics and rejected repeatedly by magazines, were sold after revision to Blue Book, Argosy, Adventure, Black Mask, Blade & Ledger, 10-Story Book, Wide World, Western Story, Popular, Brain Power, Flapper's Experience, and others. If you are in need of literary assistance—criticism, revision, or sales—my service, backed up by ten years' experience, will give you the best possible chance. Write for terms, etc.

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WALTER CRAIGHEAD, Manager

Dearborn Street from Jackson to Quincy

Geyer's Stationer and *The Gift and Art Shop*, 260 Fifth Avenue, New York, are preparing the material they need, with the assistance of their own staff, and are purchasing nothing from the outside world, according to Thomas Murphy, editor.

For immediate use in *Restaurant Management*, 40 E. Forty-ninth Street, New York, Ray Fling, editor, writes, "We want biographical and historical sketches of leading restaurant men and important events in restaurant history dramatized—1000 to 2500 words; controversial articles—500 to 1500 words; human-interest articles—up to 1500 words; confessions of restaurant men and women, dealing with business topics—up to 1500 words. We can also use photos of new and unique restaurant decorations or equipment. We will go outside of our usual length or policy in considering unusual material. We pay a minimum of 1 cent per word on acceptance, and a proportionate rate for photos." The above applies both to *Restaurant Management* and the *Food Profits* section of *Hotel Management*, published at the same address. In the latter case, stories should be written around the activities of hotel restaurants rather than commercial restaurants.

Rock Products, 542 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago, N. C. Rockwood, editor, is published every two weeks, instead of monthly, as previously listed. Articles on cement, lime, gypsum, quarries, as well as on sand and gravel plant operations, are desired.

The merger of *Commercial Car Journal* and *Operation and Maintenance*, Chestnut and Fifty-sixth Streets, Philadelphia, into one magazine, has brought out some changes in editorial policy, according to Martin Koitzsch, managing editor. The publication is now being edited primarily for the truck dealer and secondarily for the truck operator. When ideas can be presented that will be applicable to both, this method will be adopted. Brevity will be a chief aim, with emphasis placed on the value of illustrations.

Compressed Air Magazine, 11 Broadway, New York, is a good market for articles descriptive of industrial activities wherein compressed air is used extensively. Stories should be written in a human-interest style, only bringing in the use of air in a matter-of-fact way. Numerous pictures are used, and when possible should show Ingersoll-Rand equipment with the name recognizable in the illustration. Short kinks pertaining to new methods in using compressed air are also used.

Notion and Novelty Review, 1170 Broadway, New York, offers a market for descriptions of notion departments and art needlework departments in leading and medium-sized department stores. Photos of the department are essential. Photos of buyers also are desired. Payment is on publication at 1 cent a word, writes H. S. Vorhis, editor.

Farm Life, Spencer, Indiana, states: "We want interesting and helpful stories of farm life. They should be concise and practical, giving facts and figures. Tell us things we do not know—your own experience and that of your neighbors. We use short, original jokes, illustrated jokes, small pen and ink sketches, and cheerful verse. Only exclusive material is acceptable. Payment will be made at our regular rates (about 1 cent a word on acceptance) unless you specify a special price."

F. R. Bentley, editor of *The National Jeweler*, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, states that, owing to a change in organization a while ago, they have been buying practically no material of late from outside contributors—and the situation is likely to continue for the present.

Science and Invention, 230 Fifth Avenue, New York, writes that "the construction type of articles is very well liked." Material coming within its scope consists of scientific, popularly written articles, well illustrated with sketches or photographs; short-stories of scientific nature, 5000 words in length, and serials of 50,000 to 100,000 words. Jokes of a scientific nature are desired. Payment is on publication at rates of 1 to 10 cents a word, jokes \$1 to \$3, and photos \$3. H. Gernsback is editor, and Joseph H. Kraus, field editor.

J. A. Woods, Jr., editor of *Packing and Shipping*, 30 Church Street, New York, in answering an inquiry of a contributor, states that Bonnell Publications, Incorporated, the present publishers of the magazine, do not assume responsibility for any debts contracted before the new corporation took over publication of the paper in May, 1928. Stanley W. Todd is trustee of the defunct Packing and Transportations, Incorporated, the former publishers, and writers who have claims pending should get in touch with him at 65 Broadway, New York, or with Ralph Lawrence, receiver of the old company, at 63 Beekman Street, New York.

Industrial Distributor & Salesman, 53 W. Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, monthly, is edited by A. E. Paxton, who is in the market for articles concerned with selling, from the experience of mill supply salesmen, 1000 to 1500 words. Mr. Paxton writes that his rates run from 1 cent to 1½ cents a word.

The American Coal Journal, 132 W. Forty-third Street, New York, is a market for articles of interest to coal dealers. It paid a contributor \$5 for 450 words and a picture. The *Mid-West Coal Retailer* also buys such material.

Aeronautics is the new name of *Popular Aviation*, 608 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago. It is edited by Harley W. Mitchell, and uses technical and semi-technical articles of 2500 to 4000 words, dealing with aviation subjects only. "No news items, fiction, marvelous inventions, or war experiences desired." Payment is on acceptance at 1 cent a word up, \$2 for illustrations.

Distinctive Criticism Service

THE editorial staff of THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST offers to writers an authoritative and vitally helpful criticism service. Each manuscript receives careful, analytical attention. Letters of grateful acknowledgment are received daily from appreciative clients. Professionals as well as beginners employ the services of THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST Criticism Department.

A letter of criticism definitely shows the writer where he stands—whether his work is of salable quality, or amateurish, or just "on the border line." In the majority of instances the critic is able to point out specific faults, and to suggest ways of overcoming them. Each criticism is a constructive lesson in scholarship.

Marketing suggestions form a part of each criticism. A carefully selected list of periodicals or publishers who would be interested in seeing material of the type under consideration is given, if the manuscript possesses salable qualities.

Frankness, thoroughness, and a sympathetic understanding of writers' difficulties are characteristics of Author & Journalist criticisms.

Theoretical technique and dogmatic opinions are rigidly avoided. No critic has ever been employed on our staff who has not demonstrated his ability to write and to sell his own work. Practical advice and suggestions, rather than academic rules, characterize all criticisms.

A large proportion of our clients are successful authors—men and women who are selling their work regularly. They apply to us when in doubt over problems of narration, when "stumped" by a manuscript which, for no apparent reason, fails to sell, or just to get the opinion of a qualified, impartial critic before submitting a manuscript to the markets. Rarely is the writer able to form an unbiased judgment as to the value of his own work. An unprejudiced appraisal by a qualified critic often gives the author an entirely new perspective toward his story. Few manuscripts reach us for which we are unable to suggest at least some improvements.

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3,000 to 4,000	3.50	8,000 to 9,000	6.00
4,000 to 5,000	4.00	9,000 to 10,000	6.50
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15,000 words	\$ 8.50	60,000 words	\$26.50
20,000 words	10.50	70,000 words	30.50
30,000 words	14.50	80,000 words	34.50
40,000 words	18.50	90,000 words	38.50
50,000 words	22.50	100,000 words	42.50

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THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST'S

LITERARY MARKET TIPS

GATHERED MONTHLY FROM AUTHORITATIVE SOURCES

Air Adventures, 80 Lafayette Street, New York, of the Clayton group, through Allan K. Echols, managing editor, sends out a call for short-stories ranging up to 8000 words, novelettes up to 15,000 words, and novels up to 35,000 words. "We need stories of the action type, real he-man yarns for he-man readers. There must be movement from the first page to the last. Above all, do not hold your aircraft so close to your eyes that you cannot see the story beyond. The story's the thing. The scene of the action may be laid anywhere, but we prefer American heroes. *Air Adventures* concerns itself with contemporary, civilian aviation. So far as we are concerned, the late fracas was over some ten years ago. How about aerial news gatherers, newspaper reporters covering assignments, oil scouts, forest rangers, prospectors, ranchers who check up their great herds with airplanes, ridding crops and swamps of insects, relief of snowbound and plague-stricken villages in the North, and the thousands of other uses found for the airplane? There is drama everywhere. Decisions will be prompt and the minimum rate is 2 cents a word."

Air Trails, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, a monthly Street & Smith magazine, is edited by Paul Chadwick, who writes: "Our magazine offers a good market for strong, well-written air stories of the better class. Short-stories are used from 3000 to 7000 words in length; short novelettes from 10,000 to 15,000; long novelettes up to 25,000. No serials are used, and only a very few articles. The rate of payment varies according to the quality and value of stories submitted."

Boys' Flying Adventures, 1926 Broadway, New York, new weekly Macfadden periodical, is edited by Captain Edwin T. Hamilton, who writes: "We want thrillers—tales of adventure in the air, of interest to boys; blood-curdling, hair-raising tales, crammed with action, suspense, and excitement, of the 'Diamond Dick' type. Stories should not deal with romance nor with boys under eighteen. Short-story preferred lengths are from 3000 to 7000 words; serials, 20,000 words. Thrilling flying items are used. Payment is on acceptance at 1 cent a word."

Sky Riders, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, "uses all types of air stories packed with action and containing a lively story interest," writes Harry Steeger, editor. "We do not want stories in which the love interest is dominant. Lengths desired are 3000 to 10,000 words for short-stories, 10,000 to 40,000 words for novelettes. Payment is at 1½ cents a word up on acceptance."

The Black Mask, 578 Madison Avenue, New York, "is creating a new type of detective fiction based on conditions of the present," writes Joseph T. Shaw, editor. "For this reason we suggest a study of the magazine. We use action-detective fiction with swift movement, plausibility in all details, and with the climax in its proper place at the end. Some Westerns, border tales, and adventure yarns, avoiding the stereotyped form, are used. Lengths are 5000 to 8000 words for short-stories, 10,000 to 15,000 for novelettes. Rates, paid on acceptance, are comparable with any in our field."

Cupid's Diary, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, is now edited by Clifford Dowdey, who succeeds Henry Altemus. The new editor, emphasizing "a less rigid policy," seeks "love stories of the romantic, sentimental type. They should be written from the girl's viewpoint and within the range of experience of lowly, simple young people and their problems. Nothing smart, sophisticated or sexy is desired, and over-sentimentality should be avoided. Short-story lengths are 4000 to 7000 words, novelettes 10,000 to 15,000, and serials 40,000 to 60,000. Verse of eight to sixteen lines is used at 50 cents a line; prose is paid for at from 1 to 2 cents a word on acceptance."

Stage Stories, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, new monthly magazine of the Dell Publishing Company, uses "romantic stories of stage people with theatrical atmosphere, the plot to evolve about a point essentially theatrical," writes Clifford Dowdey, editor. "Nothing sexy is desired, and the stage should be more than incidentally included in the story. Length requirements: Short-stories, 4000 to 7000 words; novelettes, 10,000 to 15,000 words, and serials, 40,000 to 60,000 words. No jokes or verse desired. Payment is at 1 to 2 cents a word promptly on acceptance."

The Ladies' Home Journal, Independence Square, Philadelphia, uses articles on women's business as well as household interests, a note from Loring A. Schuler emphasizes.

Smart Set, 221 W. Fifty-seventh Street, New York, edited by Margaret E. Sangster, desires "clean, human-interest short-stories, preferably with love interest, 3500 to 5000 words in length, three-part stories of young love, everyday problems, or mystery, and serials of the same sort, 35,000 to 45,000 words. No confessional, first-person, or double-entendre fiction is desired. Articles of interest to young women, from 1500 to 2500 words in length, are sought. Payment is on acceptance at terms agreed upon with the author."

THE S. T. C. NEWS

A Page of Comment and Gossip About the
Simplified Training Course and Fiction
Writing Topics in General

VOL. VI, No. 2

FEBRUARY, 1929

EDITED BY DAVID RAFFELOK

The short short-story contest conducted by THE S. T. C. NEWS has come to a successful close. As a few manuscripts still remain to be read, the winners are not announced in this issue. Two stories are printed on this page and other stories will appear in succeeding issues. Prize winning stories will be announced in the March issue.

To write a short-story within the limitation of 500 words, is a feat of technical dexterity requiring the keenest ability. Many contributions to the contest failed to follow the short-story form, being rather mere anecdotes, episodes or incidents. It is a part of the essential experience of every writer to know what is and what isn't a short-story. Those who have received professional training in writing possess this necessary equipment, the contest revealed.

DECOY

By J. F. Houghton

"COURAGE, Joe!" The woman pressed the man's hand reassuringly as they were led from the patrol wagon into the precinct station. "Keep your nerve. They won't be looking for you here."

The man kept silent, his eyes averted from the woman's face.

"Five years since you left, Joe," the woman continued. "I was afraid that you'd been caught."

"Not yet," the man replied in a low voice. "Did the police bother you?"

"No," with a harsh laugh. "But what are you doing, Joe? How did you find my house?"

"I can't tell you that now, Mary." The man looked miserable as they were lined up in front of the desk. "Later, perhaps."

"All right, Joe. But if you're in trouble, need money or a place to hide, you know where to find it. All that I have is yours, Joe."

"You are charged with keeping a disorderly house, Mary Patterson," the voice of the police lieutenant broke in on them. "Have you anything to say before you're booked?"

"Yes!" the woman snapped. "Can't a person have a few friends in her home without the police breaking in?"

"Friends?" the lieutenant echoed. "Were they all friends of yours, Mary? That man there, for instance," pointing to Joe.

"Don't make a mistake on him, Lieutenant," the woman said warmly. "He's my husband."

The lieutenant looked at Joe with a whimsical smile. "Our reports gave you as a single woman, Mary," he said. "How long have you been married to this man?"

"Six years," the woman retorted. "Come on. Let's get this over with. I want to get out of here."

"Yes, but I'm interested in your husband," the lieutenant smiled. "Are you sure that this is the right man? He looks—"

"Well, he is," the woman interrupted with a frightened glance toward the man. "If you don't believe me, ask him."

"Sorry, Mary, but you're a beautiful liar," the lieutenant said sternly. "You see, we know Joe. In fact, he's one of the best decoys we have on the force, though he hasn't been with us long. If he is your husband, though, I would like to know it, for he intends to marry my daughter next month."

The woman gasped. She turned to the man at her side. He was staring at the floor, his teeth sunk into his lips and his face rigid.

Then she laughed, a high-pitched, hysterical laugh. She looked at Joe hungrily, then turned her eyes to the lieutenant. She laughed again; a laugh that began and ended with a sob.

"All right, Lieutenant," she shrilled. "In that case I guess I've been mistaken. He can't be my husband. Put me away. Give me the limit. Do what you want with me." She gave one last look at the man. Then she threw her head back and laughed again. "But he's a good kid, Lieutenant, and I sure do like him. Hope he makes the girl a good husband."

"Decoy" is a small gem. Developed in less than 500 words, the yarn has all that a short-story should have. The characterization of Mary is especially good; a rather complete picture of the woman and her environment is sketched with able economy. Not only does "Decoy" tell a complete story; it has good emotional values, a definite struggle and an interesting "surprise twist" at the end. Mr. Houghton is an S. T. C. student.

REWARD

By Marie Loscalzo

FIFTEEN years before that August day David White had walked away from his home town. Now he was returning in his private car.

The years had been spent with but one aim in view—wealth. Now he had it.

But, as he watched the prairies and the villages flit by the car window David had no thought for the millions on which he paid income tax. His mind toyed lovingly with a figure far removed from finance—that of a girl, the girl.

"Nell," he said aloud, forgetting that secretaries now took down his slightest utterance.

"Well," he altered the word, and asked what time they would reach Mirabile.

The sprightliest secretary thought it might be in ten minutes.

"And you know, Mr. White, they are welcoming you with a band and an arch and all—quite—er—feudal. I'm sure you'll love it—"

David viewed the secretary with unseeing eyes. Love? Oh, yes, he had loved Nell Parton for more than the years he had been away. Nell Parton, daughter of the richest man in Mirabile. And he had made every one of his millions of dollars for Nell. Now—

The train was stopping, a band was blaring what it thought was "Hail to the Chief"—a little girl in

white proffered a bouquet. Some one was making an address. But David White hardly heard the flattery and the music. He hurried apart to the baggage room—he had sent a package by express yesterday—for Nell. Had it been delivered? The surly baggage porter said he didn't know. Didn't care. Get on out so he could close up.

David White went. As soon as he could get away from the luncheon in his honor he hurried out and down to Forsythe Street—where Nell lived. He had not dared ask for her—her name was too sacred to speak even to these old neighbors.

On Forsythe Street the Parton house still stood. It needed paint and a new fence. But Nell was busy in the yard. The same Nell. Except—a something.

Remember him? Of course. No she hadn't been at the luncheon. No. Her eyes kept wandering from David to survey the street.

"Excuse me, but I'm waiting for Pete to come to his dinner. Maybe you saw him at the depot? He takes care of the baggage."

David White stopped fingering the ring in his pocket, and did not wait to ask if a hundred dollars' worth of roses addressed to Miss Nell Parton had ever reached the baggage man's wife.

And after all it was the look in Nell's eyes as she said, "Oh, there comes Petie now," that made David spit out "Damn" as he strode out of Forsythe Street.

So, fifteen years wasted piling up a fortune for a girl who could marry a Pete. Fifteen years never looking at another woman—dreaming—hoping.

Fifteen years in which David White had never grown up. But now, as he hurried toward his private car he felt wise as the ages, and as sad.

Which perhaps was why he spoke so kindly to the sprightly secretary, coming to remind him they would be leaving soon. A nice girl, that secretary. Queer he never had noticed it before! Hereafter—

"Reward" is a well written story that possesses conflict, deft characterization of its central character and an effective climax. Although the plot is slight, the narrative is fairly dramatic. The development lacks novelty, following rather too closely to the beaten track of stories of this kind.

"I certainly am pleased with the S. T. C. My only wish is that I had made up my mind to search its course before."—M. E. W., San Francisco.

"The S. T. C. surpasses cross-word puzzles, prize contests, and every other mental tug of war, for although governed by certain restrictions of technique, one is not limited by drastic rules and regulations, and creative instinct can gambol unrestrainedly in its own playground. May the S. T. C. ever succeed and continue to help others to success."—Mrs. R. H. G., Los Angeles.

"When the mind hesitates, grows cold, begins to labor, loses zest, you should suspect instantly a loss of direction."—Henry S. Canby.

Love Story Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, seeks to obtain "thoroughly modern short love stories, 2500 to 6000 words in length. No objection to slang and humor. Novelettes of 10,000 words and two to six-part serials, installments of 12,000 words, are used, also verse, not over sixteen lines in length," writes Miss Daisy Bacon, editor.

Brief Stories, formerly at 793 Drexel Building, Philadelphia, since its purchase by new interests, has been moved to 49 E. Thirty-third Street, New York. W. Adolphe Roberts, the new editor, states that a new company is being formed to publish the magazine, and he summarizes its present requirements as follows: "We will use human-interest fiction with a romantic appeal and a melodramatic climax—adventures that might happen to anyone—the surprises of real life. 'Sappy' love stories or straight Westerns are not wanted. Short-stories only will be used, within lengths of from 2500 to 6000 words. Payment is on acceptance at rates of 1½ to 2 cents a word."

Navy Stories, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, is a new companion magazine of *War Stories*, *War Novels*, and *War Birds*, issued by the Dell Publishing Company, and edited by Eugene A. Clancy. "Fighting navy stories of the great war" are sought. Payment is on acceptance at 2 cents a word.

Short Stories, Garden City, N. Y., in a recent note from Dorothy McIlwraith, associate editor, emphasizes that stories of outdoor adventure, mystery, air, war, and sea, are preferred. Short-story lengths are 4000 to 10,000 words, novelettes from 15,000 to 40,000 words, and serials from 50,000 to 100,000. Outdoor fact items and fillers from 50 to 500 words in length are used. Rates are good on acceptance, fillers 1 cent a word.

Sport Story Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, uses sport material with a competitive thrill. Yarns should be submitted at least three months ahead of the season. Short-stories of 3000 to 8000 words and novelettes of not over 10,000 words, are used. Laurence Lee is editor, and payment is on acceptance at 1 cent a word up.

The Dance Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York, is now edited by Paul R. Milton, who succeeds W. Adolphe Roberts, on his retirement to become editor of *Brief Stories*. Mr. Milton writes: "Our requirements are for articles not exceeding 2500 words (without first consulting the editor) on any branch of the musical show business, with a news slant. There is little need for historical material. No fiction, verse, or editorials desired. We are placing greater emphasis on news value than ever before. Payment is on acceptance at 2 cents a word straight."

Mother's Home Life and *The Household Guest*, 315 S. Peoria Street, Chicago, have been sold by James M. Woodman to a firm headed by M. F. Hayes. Mary McGovern succeeds Mr. Woodman as managing editor.

Delays in the handling of manuscripts submitted to *Hearts*, a periodical of the Lucky Publishing Corporation, 112 W. Forty-fourth Street, New York, are explained by Ethel Rosemon by the statement: "I have been away from the office for several weeks and therefore the work, previously very much behind, has slipped even further back. We have been shorthanded since the beginning, and, as I have attempted to read every script that comes into the office, many stories have been kept a length of time I know must seem unreasonable. However, I hope to get out all reports in a very short time."

Amazing Stories, 230 Fifth Avenue, New York, Hugo Gernsback, editor, asks for "scientific fiction of the H. G. Wells and Jules Verne type, of sound scientific basis, in any field of science, preferably with a subordinate romance plot." Short-stories may range from 2000 to 20,000 words, novelettes up to 50,000, and serials up to 90,000. Occasional short verse is used. Payment is at varying rates on publication, about ½ cent a word for short-stories. *Amazing Stories Quarterly* is interested in the same type of stories as the monthly, but of greater length.

Spy Stories, and *Fire Stories*, 120 W. Forty-second Street, New York, are two new magazines of the Hersey group. They will use just the types of material indicated by their titles—*Spy Stories* featuring all sorts of situations in which spying activities play a part, and *Fire Stories* revolving about fire and fire-fighting. The rates at first will be about 1 cent a word, payable when the magazines come from the press. *The Dragnet*, one of the Hersey group, has been suspended.

Modern Homemaking, Augusta, Maine, "now pays at least 1 cent a word on acceptance for short-stories," writes M. G. L. Bailey, editor. "Payments average 1 cent a word or more in all departments. While we use short-stories of 3000 to 6000 words, we prefer shorter stories at present, up to 4500 words. No essays or general articles are used. Love, domestic, and Western themes are those preferred in fiction. Some verse is used at 25 cents a line."

Battle Stories, Robbinsdale, Minn., writes that for its purposes air stories of 5000 words are very much in demand.

Delineator, Butterick Building, New York, in a note from Dorothy Higgins, assistant to Oscar Graeve, editor, observes: "There still seems to be some doubt in authors' minds about whether *Delineator* is still a closed market. We are happy at all times to consider any and every manuscript submitted, and while our serials and articles are usually arranged for a long time in advance, it is quite probable that short-stories from new writers—or writers new to *Delineator*—if they meet our requirements, will be used. Of course, we are more or less confined in our acceptances because we can publish only four or five short-stories each month and we receive some five hundred manuscripts."

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The Author & Journalist

Where and How to Sell Manuscripts, Wm. B. McCourtie; complete market information, condensed, classified by fields, for thousands of American and British publications buying short-stories, novels, articles, books, newspaper features, greetings, photoplays, verse, photographs; for each, editor, material wanted, prices paid. This compilation is "first aid" for the writer, beginner or professional, who wants to know, "Could I sell this idea if I wrote it up?" The latest edition, thoroughly revised, is just off the press. **\$3.50.**

The 36 Dramatic Situations. A "best seller" is this analysis of Georges Polti, cataloging the plot material which life offers. Short-story writers and novelists appearing in Saturday Evening Post, Cosmopolitan, Century, and other foremost magazines have publicly acknowledged help received from this book. **\$1.50.**

Conscious Short-Story Technique, David Raffelock, Associate Editor of The Author & Journalist, and Director of the Simplified Training Course. An authority "shows the way." **\$1.10.**

Plotting the Short Story, Culpeper Chunn; gives invaluable assistance in story structure. **\$1.00.**

What An Editor Wants, A. H. Bittner, editor of Argosy All-Story Weekly. One of the most practical of all volumes on writing craftsmanship. **\$1.10.**

Technique of the Mystery Story, Carolyn Wells. There is no more dependable market for the fiction writer than the detective story field, which bids now, as never before, for the work of skilled craftsmen. Carolyn Wells, author of "In the Onyx Lobby," "The Maxwell Mystery," and scores of other detective and mystery stories, has written a "how" book which, itself, is as absorbing as a "thriller." **\$1.75.**

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\$10,000.00 FOR STORY!

People's Popular Monthly will pay \$10,000.00 for a satisfactory serial of about sixty-five thousand words. It should be a wholesome love story with plenty of action. Woman interest essential. No western stories desired. Should be in by July 1st. Write for further particulars if you wish to submit a story. Address Fiction Editor, *People's Popular Monthly*, Des Moines, Iowa.

People's Home Journal, 80 Lafayette Street, New York, "is using an increased number of short-stories," reports Mary B. Charleton, who is now managing and fiction editor. Lengths up to 7000 words are considered. "Serials also are greatly desired, lengths about 60,000 words. They should have human interest, with plot and emotional appeal. The thesis story is desired. No 'jazzy,' bizarre, or sex stories where sex is the predominant feature. Novelettes 15,000 to 25,000 words, feature articles of current interest, and personality sketches up to 3500 words, inspirational editorials up to 100 words, and verse, are sought. Payment is at good rates on acceptance; verse, 50 cents a line."

Action Stories, 271 Madison Avenue, New York: "Right now we're in need of one or two smashing adventure novels that may have as their theme anything from war to the two-fisted activities of a Yank pearl raider in the South Seas. In addition, we need half a dozen, or so, 10,000 or 12,000-word novelettes, soldiers, soldier-of-fortune, war-action themes preferred. Then, there's our market for punch-packed action stories, which is always open for swift-moving yarns of he-man adventure."

The Household Magazine, Topeka, Kans., recently announced the appointment of Nelson Antrim Crawford as editor-in-chief. Mr. Crawford writes, concerning the changed policy of the periodical: "Our present needs are as follows: Short-stories of 1500 to 6000 words. There is no restriction as to type of story except that we do not seek adventure or sex stories. Aside from this limitation, as much variety as possible is desired. Serials of 30,000 to 40,000 words. Verse under twenty lines, except occasionally a very vivid poem, usually in ballad form, to fill an entire page of the magazine. Household articles and hints. The rate of payment on fiction and general articles is from 2 cents a word up. On some of the housekeeping articles the rate is sometimes a little less than 2 cents a word. The rate for verse is 50 cents a line. We buy more or less art work, but this should not be submitted without previous correspondence with the editors. I am always interested in anything new and unusual that might appeal to readers. I should be glad to hear from writers who have ideas that they feel could be worked out advantageously for the magazine. We aim to read manuscripts as promptly as possible and to report within one to two weeks after receipt. We pay immediately on acceptance and buy only first American serial rights."

Popular Science Monthly, 250 Fourth Avenue, New York, has discontinued the use of fiction. Its needs are now confined to illustrated articles on scientific, non-technical, mechanical, and labor-saving devices, and discoveries, under 3000 words. Payment is at from 1 to 10 cents a word, photos \$3 and up.

The Dial, 152 W. Thirteenth Street, New York, edited by Miss Marianne Moore, "Uses manuscripts of high literary excellence—short-stories, general articles, and poetry, but no humorous verse or jokes, and no juvenile matter. It sets no length limit; buys no photographs. Payment is on acceptance, prose being paid for at 2 cents a word and poems at \$20 a page. Manuscripts are reported upon in from two to three weeks."

The Golden Book, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, is now edited by Edith O'Dell, who succeeds Henry W. Lanier.

The American Sketch, 244 Madison Avenue, New York, edited by Beverly Nichols, Ray E. Harris, assistant editor, "desires articles of modified modern satirical nature, about 1500 words in length, also drawings, unusual photographs, and portraits." It pays on publication at indefinite rates.

The Circus Scrap Book, 41 Woodlawn Avenue, Jersey City, N. J., made its appearance in January. A note from the editor states that "it is now in the market for historical data having to do with the circus; lives of acrobats, equestrians, tumblers, leapers, clowns, etc. Circus history is what it is after and we will buy scrap-books, clippings, news items, etc., at good rates."

The Epworth Herald, 740 Rush Street, Chicago, is edited by W. E. J. Gratz for readers of high school and college age. It uses articles on youth's activities from 1000 to 1500 words in length, essays on nature and of human interest about 1000 words in length, short-stories of 1500 to 2000 words, with outdoor, rural, and even love interest, also short verse. Payment is on acceptance at 1/3 to 1/2 cent a word.

Columbia, 45 Wall Street, New Haven, Conn., "fulfills the requirements for listing in Class A of THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST's market list," writes John Donahue, editor. "It pays on acceptance at from 1 to 3 cents a word, and uses articles on contemporary science, travel, sport, and topics of general interest, from 2500 to 3500 words in length. Short-stories of action up to 5000 words are used. Contributors should bear in mind that our circulation is composed almost exclusively of men. No editorials, fillers, jokes, or news items are used." *Columbia* is a Knights of Columbus publication.

The American Hebrew, 71 E. Forty-seventh Street, New York, edited by Isaac Landman, "uses articles dealing with Jewish personalities who are outstanding in their field. Essays are rarely used. Short-stories of American Jewish life are considered, and occasional novelettes or serials of special merit. Payment is on the 15th of month following publication at 1/2 cent a word and up, photos \$1 and up."

Adventure Trails (formerly *The Danger Trail*), 80 Lafayette Street, New York, is now edited by Harry Bates, who succeeded Douglas M. Dold.

WHY MY STUDENTS SELL

DURING THE YEAR 1928 the sales of my students amounted to approximately \$10,000.00. This result was attained by 235 students working by mail and in resident classes, each working an average of four months. The great majority had never made a sale before.

These sales covered the entire range of American magazines. Two stories by different students I sold to Pictorial Review within six weeks for a total of \$1,100. Many sales were made to the popular one-and-two-cent-a-word market, sales which literary agents in New York would not take the trouble to make.

Besides these stories three novels by students were sold and five more have been written, and, I think, will soon be sold.

One of my men collaborators sends me a copy of the November issue of *Real Detective Tales* containing a story which we worked out together. The table of contents reveals two other stories written by former students of mine! In another of these popular magazines another student has one of the novelettes and four of the eight stories.

Another student reports two sales from a single manuscript criticism, which cost him five dollars. Still another writes me of "1500% profit" on a criticism costing him \$10.00.

Two students whom I trained are being featured on magazine covers.

If you'd like to learn more about my methods, fees, how to apply, drop me a line asking for the little booklet, "How I Work With Writers;" it will be sent free upon request.

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Prize Contests

People's Popular Monthly, Des Moines, Ia., announces that it will pay \$10,000 for a satisfactory serial of about 65,000 words. "It should be a wholesome love story with plenty of action. Woman interest is essential, and no Western stories are desired. The manuscript should be in by July 1st. Those who intend to submit material should write for further particulars, addressing Fiction Editor."

Popular Knowledge, 55 W. Forty-second Street, New York, announces eleven different contests in each issue, with cash prizes for the best letters in

answer to questions. It uses photos, and entertaining, educational articles on all subjects, from 300 to 500 words in length, paying on publication at 1 cent a word.

The Stratford Company, Boston, in conjunction with *Extension Magazine*, offers a prize of \$2000 for the best novel dealing with Catholic life. The contest closes October 1, 1929. It is open to all American writers of fiction—Catholics and non-Catholics alike. The \$2000 prize is for first serial and book rights, the author retaining only the dramatic, screen, and second serial rights. However, the author will be paid a royalty of 10 per cent on the first 2500 copies of the book, 12½ per cent on the next 2500 copies, and 15 per cent thereafter. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must contain from 75,000 to 110,000 words. Authors may use either a pseudonym or their real name. The judges are Dr. James J. Walsh, Kathleen Norris, and Mary Synon. A descriptive circular giving further details may be obtained from The Catholic Novel Prize Contest, care of The Stratford Company, Publishers, 289 Congress Street, Boston, to which manuscripts are to be submitted.

William Randolph Hearst, publisher of *The New York American* and other newspapers, has announced that he will offer a prize of \$25,000 "for the best plan to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment and substitute in place of prohibition a more liberal and more American measure which will se-

Marks and ReMarks

By M. N. BUNKER

This is a column of advertising, folks, so if you don't believe in advertising, you can avoid reading it.

A year ago Mr. Hawkins made it possible for me to offer a five-dollar handwriting analysis to readers of *Author & Journalist* for a dollar. Ahead of time, we figured the response might be a hundred letters. Instead, they came by the dozens in a single day. Hundreds piled up. I was swamped; so badly so that a good many readers thought I'd skipped the country. However, as a whole you proved yourself "real folks," and even if some of you did wait for months, my files are filled with wonderful letters that show just how completely *white* you are. Here's one of them—just an example of dozens and scores:

"Today I received your character analysis and—well, I'm not going to show it to anybody else. Its truth amazed me. It told me things I wasn't aware of, but that I must admit are true. And I liked the constructive way you went at the analysis. Believe me, I'm a booster of graphology, a la Bunker!"

I've just spent a nice time with one of the Dickinson A-B-C Secretarial Schools and analyzing hundreds of guests for them. Schools of all classes from coast to coast are picking on handwriting analysis to help them put the right student on the right job—and they say it pays.

This hasn't a thing to do with handwriting, but it may interest you. The most beautiful year book I have ever seen issued by an institution is put out by the Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y., for the Dr. Nichols Cancer Sanatorium, Savannah, Mo. Writer folks who want to know about cancer, or who have friends afflicted, should write Miss Crabb, Secretary of the Sanatorium, for a copy.

By the way, readers of the A. & J. who want complete reports are entitled to them for one-half fee, or \$2.50, instead of \$5.00.

Finally, if you didn't get your report—if your letter was lost either coming or going—we're right here ready to care for you. Miss Rogers, my Secretary, looks at the stacks of mail that come in from every part of the country, every day, says, "Oh my!" and then we both dig in, using the Ediphone to get out the letters just as fast as we can. Just address your letters and specimens for complete analyses to M. N. Bunker, D. S. C., Box 503, Kansas City, Mo.

cure for the public a more genuine temperance with less offensive interference with the fundamental rights and personal liberties of the citizen." Further details of the offer are not at hand.

The Independent Order Brith Sholem, 506 Pine Street, Philadelphia, offers four prizes for the best short-stories of Jewish interest—a first of \$100, second of \$75, third of \$50, and fourth of \$25. Submissions must be not less than 2500 or more than 3500 words in length. Contestants are not required to be members of the order. All contributions must be in by February 28, 1929. *The Brith Sholem News* reserves the right to publish any and all stories submitted. In addition to the prize winners, all stories accepted for publication will receive an honorarium. Contributions must be type-written on one side of the paper, signed by an assumed name. Enclosed with submission there must be a sealed envelope on the outside of which is written the assumed name, and enclosed in the envelope a paper containing the contestant's real name, address, and age.

The National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, 1819 Broadway, New York, offers a prize of \$200 for the words of a new Federation song, in a contest closing February 15, 1929. A further award of \$300 for the music will be made after the words have been selected, the music award closing May 15th. The contest is open to all women. Five copies of the words entered should be enclosed in a sealed envelope marked "words," accompanied by another sealed envelope marked "name," and addressed to the Song Contest Chairman. Decision is to be made on April 1.

The Pathfinder, Washington, D. C., recently inaugurated a department entitled "Gimcracks and Wisecracks," under which it will print "bright, crispy sayings, puns, riddles, anecdotes, and even puzzles, which are inspired by news events and concern people and things in the popular limelight." Payment will be made at \$1 for each item—none to be returned.

The first prize of \$400 in the recent David C. Cook Publishing Company contests for juvenile stories was won in case of *Boys' World* by Hal Correll, and in case of *Girls' Companion* by Dr. C. H. Lerrigo. Second prizes of \$250 each were won in the respective contests by I. H. Wilson and Anna Johnson, third prizes of \$150 by Irma H. Wood and May Emery Hall, fourth prizes of \$100 by Samuel Scoville, Jr., and Elizabeth Nesbitt, and fifth prizes of \$100 by M. Gauss and Ruth Clement Hoyer.

The Rosicrucian Fellowship, Oceanside, Calif., has extended to March first its competition for the five best manuscripts, not less than 2500 words, in four special fields—mystical stories and occult personal experiences, philosophical articles, astrological articles, scientific diet and health articles. First prize in the competition is \$35, others \$25, \$15, \$10.

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